Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to sup with me to night.

Exit Yorke.

One. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from Hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloster, how hye your hawke did sore,
And on a sodaine souc'd the Partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it please your Maiesty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre so well,
They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,
That sores no higher then a bird can sore.

Card. I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it thus with King and Commonwealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church men so hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene